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THE CENTURY
SHAKESPEARE

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

The Janssen Portrait.

SHAKESPEARE

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

1908
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INTRODUCTION

BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—This is certainly far less beautiful in fancy than the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, but it is a great advance on that play in dramatic construction.[1] Shakspere has at length settled down into that field of foreign story—mainly Italian—which is to be hereafter the scene of his greatest triumphs. As after *The Tempest*, so after the *Dream*, there seems to have been a partial exhaustion of original effort, and a falling-back on outside models. The play is strongly linkt with the *Dream*. Its subject is the same, fickleness of love. Two men seek one girl; one of the men (Proteus, Demetrius) is loved by another girl (Julia, Helena), to whom he was betrothed, but whom he deserts for a time, who follows him, and whom he at last turns to again. Both couples are to be married on the same day, both girls run after their lovers, both fathers want to marry their daughters to men whom they dislike, but consent to their girls' choice

[1] Also in characterisation; how much more distinct the two sets of lovers are here. Cf., too, the reflective passages in *The Two Gentlemen*, like Proteus's "Time is the nurse and breeder of all good" (III. i. p. 77), "Hope is a lover's staff," &c.

at last. Hermia trusts Helena with her secret and she betrays it, Valentine trusts Proteus with his secret and Proteus betrays it. We have a Duke and a wood in both plays. The links with the *Errors* are, that Julia seeking her husband is like Adriana seeking hers. Speed and Launce are like the two Dromios; Launce and his milkmaid are like the Ephesian Dromio and his kitchenmaid, catalogue of her charms and all.[1] We have a link with Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* as well as with *Love's Labour's Lost*, in Valentine's contempt for love, and after conquest by it, being the counterpart of Troilus as well as of Berowne. Launce's discussion with himself may well have been suggested by that of Davus with himself in Terence's *Andria* I. iii.; cf. Launcelot Gobbo's soliloquy in *The Merchant of Venice*. That *The Two Gentlemen* and its incidents were great favourites with Shakspere is evident from his use of them in after-plays. In *The Merchant* we have Portia's discussion of her lovers with Nerissa admirably developt from Julia's here with Lucetta, and also Portia's putting on man's dress and quizzing herself in it developt from Julia's here. This is repeated again in Rosalind in *As You Like It*. In *The Merchant*, too, we have Launcelot Gobbo developt from Launce, with a bit of Speed. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have Juliet going to confession like Silvia here. In *Twelfth Night* we have Viola

[1] On minor links of phrase, &c., as "Spring of Love" with *Errors*, III. ii. p. 52, a play on "sheep" and "ship" (*Two Gentlemen*, I. i. p. 21, with *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. p. 51), see my Discussion of the date and succession-place of the play, in the *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1874, pp. 318-336. The attempt to put *The Two Gentlemen* after *Romeo and Juliet* breaks down of course; but it may be before the *Dream*.

like Julia, each as page, carrying messages of love from the man she loves, to the girl he loves, to whom she tells her own story disguised; and in each case the man whom the page-girl loves, at last marries her. In *Much Ado* we have the signs of love in Benedick developt from those described by Speed here. In *All's Well* we have a parallel to the Host scene, and in *Cymbeline* we may compare Imogen with Julia. In these early plays we have love's power over men's oaths to one another in *Love's Labour's Lost*, over men's friendship and their vows to women in the *Dream* and *The Two Gentlemen*. The fickleness of love is also seen in the *Errors*, the *Dream*, and *The Two Gentlemen*, as in Romeo's change from Rosalind to Juliet. *The Two Gentlemen* is dramatically an advance on the *Dream*, as noted above; and the characters are more individualised, as noted below, and the plot is more elaborately pland; and we have nothing undignified on the ladies' part to set against Hermia's scratching threat and Helena's long legs, except Julia's statement that if Silvia had not been kind to her she'd have scratcht the eyes out of Silvia's picture.[1]

Shakspere's women in *The Two Gentlemen* point to his early time, as his making both his heroines run after their lovers also does. The heroine of the play is, without doubt, Julia: she suffers most, she loves most, she says the best things. The hero, Valentine, is

[1] In connexion with female characters we must remember that Shakspere was yet young, and probably had not yet known those fairer and nobler Englishwomen who we may well believe must have been the originals of the peerless women he afterwards drew us, Portia in the *Merchant* and *Julius Cæsar*, Ophelia, Isabella, Lady Macduff, Cordelia and Octavia.—M.

a most generous, frank fellow, yet dull withal. He cannot understand Silvia's love-message to him when she gives him back his own letter, and Speed has to explain it to him. He walks into the trap the Duke has laid for him without a grain of suspicion. But the beautiful unselfishness of his reproach to Proteus on his base treachery, "I am sorry I must never trust thee more,"[1] his shifting the blame to "time most accursed," show that he had somewhat of the nature of Theseus in the *Dream*, while the development in him of that serious, earnest love which we saw in Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana prepares us for the full outburst of it in *Romeo and Juliet*. The lines in which Valentine laments his banishment from his love are the first stroke of the death-knell of "banishèd" which rings thro' the later play.

All the critics—I, alas, among them—have blamed Shakspere for making Valentine, as they thought, give up Silvia to the traitor Proteus, just because he said he was sorry for his shameful conduct. But a few years ago, Dr. Batteson of the Sunday Shakspere Society, showd us that we were all wrong, and Shakspere was right, as we ought to have known from the first.

On Proteus's declaring his "hearty sorrow" for his offence, Valentine says:—

> "Then I am paid;
> And once again I do receive thee honest. . . .
> And, that my love may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."—
>
> V. iv. pp. 117–118.

[1] It brings at once to mind Othello's noble utterance: "Cassio, I love thee, But never more be officer of mine."—M.

On which Julia exclaims, "O me unhappy!" and swoons. Shakspere purposely used ambiguous words to get this telling bit of stage business; and on first hearing they were enough to mislead a girl in an excited hysterical state. But they mislead no one else on the boards. No protest comes from Silvia or anyone else; and when you look into the sentence "All that was mine in Silvia I give thee," you see that what was Valentine's in Silvia was his love for her, not her love for him, which was solely in her disposal, not in his. Had he meant to try and hand her love to Valentine, he'd have said, "All that Silvia has in me [her love], I give thee"; but he didn't say it, because he didn't mean it, and he knew Silvia wouldn't stand it. Surely it is clear, as I've said elsewhere, that if your Bank trusts you, and you've £500 there, and you say to a friend "All that I have in the Bank, I give you," you don't pretend to transfer to that friend the Bank's confidence in you, over which you've no control. You mean to give your friend your £500, and nothing more. But as love is infinite, when one man says to another, "I give you the same love that I have for my girl," he would of course understand, not that you'd stop loving your girl, but that you'd feel affectionate friendship for him. And that was all Proteus understood, and all that Valentine meant. Shakspere can't be blamed for our want of wits.

There seems a contradiction in Silvia's character in her giving Proteus her picture. It looks like a yielding to coquetry; but as Julia doesn't feel it to

be so, we can hardly complain. That Silvia says no word to Valentine when he rescues her, when she recovers him, must be put down to the same fault as the slurrd reunion of Ægeon and his wife in the *Errors*—Shakspere's dramatic youth,—he must have been now 28—though the genuineness of this last scene in *The Two Gentlemen* has been mistakingly doubted by many critics, as well from its incidents as from its containing many words used only in the Henry the Sixth plays. Note the quick Italian turn for intrigue in Proteus, and in the Duke's instant forming of the plan to entrap Valentine. Launce is English of course, Stratford no doubt, and drawn from the life. He seems to me a more truly original creation than Bottom. I don't believe a Londoner could have made him. That half identity of doggy and horsey men with the animals they own or tend, is to be seen still. The charming "Who is Silvia?" makes one thankful that Shakspere's company possest a singer. The sources of the play are—1. *The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena*, from the *Diana* of Montemayor, 1598, in *Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. i., pp. 275–312 (but Celia = Olivia of *Twelfth Night*, dies). 2. *The History of Apollonius and Sylla*, by Barnaby Rich, 1581 (in which the lovers are happily married), *ib.*, pp. 387–412. The text of the play was first printed in the Folio of 1623. The dramatic time of the play is seven days, with four intervals. See Mr. Daniel's analysis, *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877–9, p. 124.

"Many of the links between this and other early

plays," says Munro, "are due to the influence of Brooke's *Romeus*. There is every evidence that Shakspere used this poem in constructing the plot of *The Two Gentlemen*, and there are many verbal similarities between them. This use of *Romeus* has caused the great number of links with *Romeo and Juliet*. Julia herself is a fore-study of Juliet, with all her tenderness and intensity of love. She escapes in pursuit of her lover, disguised as a man, as Juliet proposed to do. Antonio is solicitous about his son Proteus, as Montague is about Romeo, and both Valentine and Proteus resemble Romeo in their story, though both are his inferiors, the first in intellect and the second in nobility. The Duke, speaking of his daughter Silvia, on her refusal to wed Thurio (Act III. sc. i.), is like Capulet upbraiding Juliet for refusing to wed Paris; and Thurio here, as the father's chosen suitor, takes the part of Paris, tho' greatly his inferior. To escape this 'most unholy match,' Silvia, already secretly betrothed to Valentine, as Juliet is married to Romeo, escapes to the friar's cell, ostensibly for the purpose of confession, just as Juliet does. Valentine was to have ascended to her window, like Romeo, by means of a rope ladder, but is discoverd, and, like Romeo, banisht; he is supposed, too, to go to Mantua, but meets with the outlaws in the wood, to whom he says his exile is due to his having killd a man in honorable fight, a reminiscence of the killing of Tybalt. There is a window scene between Silvia and Proteus, as between Romeo and Juliet; and Silvia, like Romeo, swears by the moon. There is a parting scene between

Julia and Proteus, and a talk of hands. The plaint of Proteus is like the plaint of Romeo: 'O, that our fathers would applaud our loves!' These and many verbal similarities are due to the use of Brooke's poem."

Ellacombe (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1880–6, p. 70) was not able to determine the season of the play from its references to flowers and plants. The time of the action comprises seven days represented on the stage, with intervals. (*New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877–9, p. 124.)

A MAP

SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE PLAY.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, } *the Two Gentle-*
PROTEUS, } *men.*
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws with Valentine.

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—In VERONA; in MILAN; and in a Forest near MILAN

ACT FIRST

SCENE I.—*Verona.* An open Place in the City

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,

Than, living dully sluggardised at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus when thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love;
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for 't boots not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be

In love: where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishéd.

Pro. So by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'T is love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yokéd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more, adieu! My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,—
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipped already,
And I have played the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray, 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. What said she? [SPEED *nods.*] Did she nod?

Speed. Ay.

Pro. Nod, Ay? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together, is 'noddy.'

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief; what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to

you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.—

[*Exit* SPEED.

I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Verona. JULIA'S Garden

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen

That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it to you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper : see it be returned ;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid
And would not force the letter to my view,—
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, 'Ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden, then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song.—[*Takes the letter.*]—
How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drowned with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:—
Here is a coil with protestation!—
[*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased

To be so angered with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so angered with the same!

O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings?
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—'kind Julia.'—Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—'love-wounded Proteus.'—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
'Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus
To the sweet Julia:'—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another :
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down ;
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come ; will 't please you go ?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Verona. A Room in ANTONIO'S House

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wondered, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:

And,—in good time.—Now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily gracéd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not; for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on Panthino: you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

SCENE I.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED

Speed [*picking up a glove*]. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine.—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed [*calling*]. Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, give ye good even: here 's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*]

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name 't;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship; do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them. They are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over :
And, if it please you, so : if not, why, so.
Val. If it please me, madam ; what then ?
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter ?
Val. How now, sir ! what, are you reasoning with yourself ?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming : 't is you that have the reason.
Val. To do what ?
Speed. To be a spokesman from Madame Silvia.
Val. To whom ?
Speed. To yourself. Why, she wooes you by a figure.
Val. What figure ?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse!

Speed. I'll warrant you, 't is as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am

nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Gives him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange: here, take you this. [*Gives her a ring.*

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell. [*Exit* JULIA.
What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.
Pro. Go ; I come, I come.—
Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Verona. A Street

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay,

I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father :—no, this left shoe is my father ;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so, neither ;—yes, it is so, it is so ; it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't ! there 't is : now, sir, this staff is my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid : I am the dog ; —no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself : ay, so, so. Now come I to my father ; 'Father, your blessing !' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping : now should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother ;—O, that she could speak now, like a wood woman !—well, I kiss her ; why, there 't is, here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes. Now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard : thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter ? why weep'st thou, man ?

Away, ass ! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pant. What 's the unkindest tide ?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue ?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In my tail ?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied ! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come, away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest

Pant. Wilt thou go ?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knocked him. [*Exit.*

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—Here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;

His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe:
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates:
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think, 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is; sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you 're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant

Serv. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go you with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now.
I have done penance for contemning Love :
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;
For, in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralléd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth !
Now no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay,
And we are betrothed ; nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of : how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.— [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise.

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair, and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzléd my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Milan. A Street

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for

I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of five-pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he

burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Milan. A room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter PROTEUS

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolvéd will

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,

For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift.
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charáctered and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pinéd in
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hinderéd,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,

A blesséd soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill favoured.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalised.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt*

ACT THIRD

SCENE I.—Milan. An Anteroom in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about.—

[*Exit* THURIO.

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aiméd at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my agéd eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone,
For why the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;

For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'away.'
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—'To Silvia!'
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What 's here?

"*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*"

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee:
But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone : I will not hear thy vain excuse ;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit* Duke.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment ?

To die is to be banished from myself ;
And Silvia is myself : banished from her,
Is self from self ; a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale ;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :
Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho ! so-ho !

Pro. What seest thou ?

Launce. Him we go to find : there 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine !

Val. No.

Pro. Who then ? his spirit ?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then ?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak ? master, shall I strike ?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike ?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing : I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia hath forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banishéd: O, that's the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banishéd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxéd pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia!—hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 't is I love; and yet 't is a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, 'She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, 'She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED

Speed. How now, Signior Launce, what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There, and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. 'Item, She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. 'Item, She can sew.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item, She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item, She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item, She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item, She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item, She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item, She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item, She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item, She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item, She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item, She is curst.'

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item, She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item, She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut; now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Milan.—An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most;
Forsworn my company, and railed at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenchéd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

Enter PROTEUS

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him
Your slander never can endamage him :
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevailed, my lord. If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me ;
Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;—
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;—
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composéd rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity :
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I.—A Forest near Milan

Enter certain Outlaws

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. O, sir, we are undone! These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we 'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am crossed with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stayed,
If crookéd fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banished for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banishéd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.
We 'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace

Enter PROTEUS

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine;
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter at a distance Host, and JULIA *in boy's clothes*

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you 're allicholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry. I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducéd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by-and-by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buriéd.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed ; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importúnacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buriéd.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence ;
Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber :
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep ;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it :
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,

That wait for execution in the morn.

Jul. Host, will you go? [*Exeunt* PRO. *and* SIL.

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same

Enter EGLAMOUR

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished.
That art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banished Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me :
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Same

Enter Launce *with his dog*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to

her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed; to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dog: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''t was I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he

had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now. —Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes*

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen

from me by the hangman boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end turns me to shame.—
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertainéd thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which—if my augury deceive me not—
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth;
Therefore know thou for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She loved me well, delivered it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She 's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, Alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

Pro. Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter:—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I—unhappy messenger—
To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirméd love,
But cannot be true servant to my master
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.—

Enter SILVIA, *attended*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.—

[*A picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

[*Gives a letter.*

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper.

[*Tears the second letter.*

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,
Which servéd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, movéd therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA, *attended.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a coloured periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored,
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so, or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee.

[*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I.—Milan. An Abbey

Enter Eglamour

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,

So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes.—

Enter SILVIA

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurred to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But, indeed, better when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wandered through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she,
But, being masked, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me,
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—The Forest

Enter Outlaws with Silvia

1 *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest

Enter VALENTINE

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
[*Noise within.*
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well: yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?
[*Steps aside*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes*

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seizéd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much—for more there cannot be—
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone ; solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look !
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,

And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you.

Sil. O Heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,—
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—
For such is a friend now;—treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deep'st: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleased ;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased :—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy ! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now ? what is the matter ?
Look up ; speak.

Jul. O good sir ! my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy ?

Jul. Here 't is : this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How ! let me see.
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir ; I have mistook :
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring ?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ? Julia !

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true. O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO

Outlaws. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear,—
Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banishéd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:

Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
Plead a new state in thy unrivalled merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunéd.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discoveréd:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. i. p. 18. **On a love-book.**—Contrasted with the Roman Catholic prayer-book, on which the beads (the rosary) were laid and counted off during the recital of the prayers.

I. i. p. 18. **Leander.**—The story of *Hero and Leander* was probably well-known to Shakspere long before the appearance of Marlowe's poem in 1598, to which it has been thought this refers. The entry of the poem in the *Stationers' Register* in 1593 has led to this supposition, but Marlowe's work was completed by Chapman, and not published until five years later.

I. ii. p. 28. **The tune of 'Light o' Love.'**—A popular old song and dance tune, without a 'burden' or refrain, several times referred to by Shakspere, Fletcher, etc. Chappell prints it in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, i. 224. The original words of it have not been found.—*ib.* 221.

I. ii. p. 31. **A month's mind.**—The phrase originally meant a monthly commemoration service, performed under the will of one deceased, but gradually passed into common use in the sense of 'a yearning desire,' 'a strong inclination.'

I. iii. p. 33. **The emperor.**—Several German emperors held court occasionally in Milan as the capital of their Italian dominions, under whom the Dukes of Milan acted as viceroys. If the reference here is specific, it would apply to the Emperor Charles V.

II. i. p. 37. **Speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.**—At the feast of All-Hallows or All-Saints, on November 1st, it was customary for beggars to collect

alms from house to house, undertaking to pray for the souls of their benefactors.

II. iv. p. 47. **Milan.**—The Cambridge editors retain the Folio reading 'Padua' here, and 'Verona' (III. i., p. 70; V. iv., p. 120) in place of '*Milan*,' as there is little doubt the oversight is Shakspere's, who appears to have written the whole play before finally determining where the scene should be laid.

III. i. p. 73. **Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son.**—Phaethon was claimed in differing legends as the son of Phœbus by Merops' wife; and as the son of Merops himself, and therefore wholly mortal. Probably the duke is not here emphasising the vexed question of Phaethon's parentage, but referring only to his desire to drive the chariot of the sun.

III. i. p. 79. **Saint Nicholas.**—The patron saint of scholars.

IV. i. p. 89. **Robin Hood's fat friar.**—This allusion to Friar Tuck comes oddly from an Italian outlaw, but the familiar reference would please an English audience.

IV. iv. p. 107. **At Pentecost, when all our pageants.**—Whitsuntide was specially the season for 'mysteries,' plays, and festivities.

IV. iv. p. 108. **As grey as glass.**—Glass was formerly of a faint bluish tint. Chaucer makes use of the same simile.

V. iv. p. 118. **All that was mine in Sylvia I give thee.**—*See* Introduction, pp. 12-13, for explanation of this seeming violation of all right feeling, which has for long been held a serious blot upon the play, and an unaccountable action on the part of Valentine.

V. iv. p. 119. **Her that gave aim to all thy oaths.**—Julia, to whom all his vows of fidelity were directed.

V. iv. p. 121. **Pleads a new state**—*i.e.*, entitle you to a higher rank in virtue of your unrivalled merit.

GLOSSARY

Account of: appreciate. II. i. p. 39.
Advice: consideration. II. iv. p. 57; III. i. p. 69.
Agood: in good earnest. IV. iv. p. 107.
Aim: conjecture. III. i. p. 67.
Aiméd at: guessed. III. i. p. 68.
Ale: tavern (with an allusion to a church-ale or festival). II. v. p. 60.
Allicholly: the host's corruption of melancholy. IV. ii. p. 93.
Apparent: manifest. III. i. p. 70.
Applaud: approve. I. iii. p. 34.
Approved: "still ——," constantly confirmed by experience. V. iv. p. 116.
Awful: holding authority in reverence. IV. i. p. 90.
Base: "bid the ——," the form of challenge in the game of 'prisoner's base.' I. ii. p. 29.
Beadsman: one appointed to pray for another. I. i. p. 18.
Beholding: beholden, indebted. IV. iv. p. 108.
Beshrew: evil befal. I. i. p. 23.
Bestow myself: deport myself. III. i. p. 70.
Boots: "give me not the ——," do not make fun of me; "it —— thee not," it is of no benefit to you. I. i. p. 18.
Bottom: to wind thread upon a *bottom* or reel. III. ii. p. 85.
Break with: broach to. III. i. p. 34.
Broken: "are they ——," have they broken off the match. IV. v. p. 58.
Broker: go-between. I. ii. p. 26.
Burden: refrain (quibblingly). I. ii. p. 28.
Canker: canker-worm. I. ii. p. 19.
Cate-log: Launce's blunder for 'catalogue' (*cate* was pronounced almost like 'cat'). III. i. p. 78.
Censure: pass judgment. I. ii. p. 25.
Charactered: inscribed. II. vii. p. 62.
Circumstance: detailed argument (Pro.); the position in which you find yourself (Val.). I. i. p. 19; argument. I. i. p. 21; circumstantial details. III. ii. p. 85.
Cite: instruct. II. iv. p. 51.
Clerkly: in a scholarly manner. II. i. p. 41.
Close: union. V. iv. p. 119.
Codpiece: a bagged appendage to the hose, often conspicuous and ornamented. II. vii. p. 64.
Coil: fuss, ado. I. ii. p. 29.
Commit: sin. V. iv. p. 117.
Compass: obtain. IV. ii. p. 96.
Competitor: confederate. II. vi. p. 61.
Conceit: opinion. III. ii. p. 84.
Conceitless: devoid of intelligence. IV. ii. p. 96.
Conditions: qualifications. III. i. p. 78.
Consort: company. IV. i. p. 91.
Conversed: associated. II. iv. p. 50.
Crews: bands; possibly a mistake for *cave* (*cf.* 'our captain's *cave*.' V. iii. p. 114). IV. i. p. 91.
Curst: shrewish. III. i. p. 81.

Dazzléd: (trisyllabic). II. iv. p. 57.
Deign: condescend to accept. I. i. p. 24.
Descant: variation, one or more parts added to a 'plain-song.' I. ii. p. 29.
Die on: challenge to mortal combat. II. iv. p. 53.
Diet: a prescribed regimen. II. i. p. 37.
Discovery: disclosure. III. i. p. 68.
Dispose: disposal. II. vii. p. 66.
Doublet: the close-fitting inner garment. II. iv. p. 48.
Dump: melancholy air. III. ii. p. 87.
Earnest: real meaning, with quibble on 'pledge.' II. i. p. 43.
Else: elsewhere. IV. ii. p. 97.
Engine: instrument. III. i. p. 72.
Entertain him: take him into service. II. iv. p. 52.
Excuse it not: make no excuses. I. iii. p. 35.
Exhibition: allowance. I. iii. p. 35.
Eye: "be in —— of," witness, see. I. iii. p. 33.
Farthingale: hooped petticoat. II. vii. p. 64.
Feature: form. II. iv. p. 51.
Figure: subterfuge. II. i. p. 42.
Fly: "to ——," in flying from. III. i. p. 74.
Fond: foolish. I. i. p. 19.
For: for fear of. I. ii. p. 31.
Gossips: sponsors at baptism (used ambiguously). III. i. p. 78.
'Greed: agreed. II. iv. p. 56.
Griefs: grievances. V. iv. p. 121.
Grievances: wounded love. IV. iii. p. 100.
Hangman: rascally. IV. iv. p. 103.
Homely: inelegant. I. i. p. 17.
However: anyhow, in any case. I. i. p. 19.
Impeachment: reproach. I. iii. p. 32.
Imperial's: emperor's. II. iii. p. 45.
Impose: injunction. IV. iii. p. 98.
Include: conclude. V. iv. p. 121.
Infinite: infinity. II. vii. p. 65.
Inherit: win, get possession of. III. ii. p. 87.
Inly: inward. II. vii. p. 63.
Integrity: "discover such ——," reveal to her your sincerity. III. ii. p. 86.
Interpret: play the interpreter (as the exhibitor of a puppet-show speaks for the dolls). II. i. p. 40.
Jerkin: jacket, the outer garment. II. iv. p. 48.
Jolthead: blockhead. III. i. p. 79.
Keep: restrain. IV. iv. p. 101.
Kind: family. II. iii. p. 45.
Laced mutton: wanton, loose woman. I. i. p. 22.
Learn: teach. II. vi. p. 61.
Learned: taught. V. iii. p. 113.
Leave: cease. III. i. p. 74; part with. IV. iv. p. 103.
Lets: hinders. III. i. p. 71.
Liberal: indulgent, wanton. III. i. p. 81.
Lies: lodges. IV. ii. p. 98.
Likes: pleases. IV. ii. p. 94.
Lime: birds were snared with lime spread on cloth. III. ii. p. 86.
Manage: wield, use. III. i. p. 77.
Mean: alto or tenor. I. ii. p. 29.
Means: "to make such —— for her," to elaborate such schemes to win her. V. iv. p. 120.
Measure: reach. V. iv. p. 120.
Merops: *See* Notes. III. i. p. 73.
Minion: spoilt darling. I. ii. p. 29.
Month's mind: a yearning desire. I. ii. p. 31. (*See* Notes.)
Mood: passion, rage. IV. i. p. 90.
Motion: puppet-show. II. i. p. 40.
Mouth: "a sweet ——," 'a sweet tooth' (quibblingly). III. i. p. 80.

Moved me: made protestations to me. I. ii. p. 26.
Muse: wonder. I. iii. p. 34.
Nice: fastidious. III. i. p. 70.
Nick: reckoning (in allusion to the notched tally for keeping accounts). IV. ii. p. 95.
Noddy: a fool. I. i. p. 22.
Omitting: neglecting. II. iv. p. 50.
On: pronounced nearly the same as 'one.' II. i. p. 36.
One knave: *i.e.*, not a double-dealing knave. III. i. p. 78.
Onset: beginning, first step. III. ii. p. 87.
Owe: own. V. ii. p. 111.
Pardon you: excuse your being in attendance. III. ii. p. 87.
Parle: talk, invitation. I. ii. p. 25.
Passenger: passer-by. IV. i. p. 88.
Passioning: passionately grieving. IV. iv. p. 107.
Peevish: foolish. V. ii. p. 113.
Possessions: taken by Proteus to mean 'mental endowments'; Thurio having let 'his out by lease' has not the '*possession*' (use) of them. V. ii. p. 111.
Post: messenger. I. ii. p. 24.
Practising: plotting. IV. i. p. 90.
Presently: forthwith. II. iv. p. 51.
Pretence: plan, design. III. i. p. 68.
Pretended: proposed. II. vi. p. 61.
Principality: an angel of the highest order. II. iv. p. 55.
Print: "in ——," with accuracy. II. i. p. 43.
Proper: handsome, 'well set up.' IV. i. p. 88.
Puling: whining. II. i. p. 37. (*See* Notes.)
Quaintly: cleverly. II. i. p. 41; III. i. p. 71.
Quality: profession, calling. IV. i. p. 90.
Quips: cutting jests. IV. ii. p. 92.
Quote: perceive (pronounced 'coat,' hence the quibble). II. iv. p. 48.
Ragged: rugged. I. ii. p. 30.
Ravel: become entangled. III. ii. p. 85.
Receive: acknowledge. V. iv. p. 114.
Recking: caring. IV. iii. p. 100.
Record: sing. V. iv. p. 114.
Remorseful: compassionate. IV. iii. p. 99.
Repeal: recall. V. iv. p. 121.
Resembleth: (four syllables). I. iii. p. 35.
Respective: to be respected. IV. iv. p. 109.
Road: harbour. I. i. p. 20; II. iv. p. 56.
Sacred: adorable. III. i. p. 76.
Sad: serious. I. iii. p. 32.
Servant: a gallant title used by a lady to an accepted admirer; the counterpart of 'mistress.' II. i. p. 40.
Set: compose (with a quibble on 'set a valuation on'). I. ii. p. 28; seated (with quibble on the sun's setting). II. i. p. 40.
Several: separate. I. ii. p. 30.
Shapeless: aimless, purposeless. I. i. p. 18.
Sheep: quibbling on 'ship,' the pronunciation being nearly the same. I. i. p. 21.
Shot: an ale-house reckoning. II. v. p. 58.
Silly: innocent. IV. i. p. 91.
Slow: heavy. IV. ii. p. 94.
So-ho! the cry of huntsmen when the hare is discovered and started. III. i. p. 75.
Sort: select, choose out. III. ii. p. 87.
Speed: succeed. IV. iv. p. 105.
Squirrel: a playful name for a small dog (probably with equivocal allusions). IV. iv. p. 102.
Statue: image. IV. iv. p. 109.
Stead: be of service to. II. i. p. 41.
Still an end: continually (*an* = on). IV. iv. p. 103.

Glossary

Stomach: (1) anger, (2) hunger. I. ii. p. 28.
Strange: "makes it ——," affects to be insulted. I. ii. p. 29.
Sudden: sharp. IV. ii. p. 92.
Suggested: tempted. III. i. p. 68.
Sweet-suggesting: sweetly tempting. II. vi. p. 60.
Swinged: whipped. II. i. p. 39.
Table: tablet. II. vii. p. 62.
Tender: have compassion for. IV. iv. p. 106; dear, precious, V. iv. p. 116.
Testerned: presented with a tester (a sixpence). I. i. p. 24.
Timeless: untimely. III. i. p. 67.
Tire: head-dress. IV. iv. p. 108.
To: in comparison with. II. iv. p. 54.
To Milan: 'addressing me at Milan.' I. i. p. 20.
Tongues: languages. IV. i. p. 89.
Trenchéd: carved. III. ii. p. 83.
Triumphs: pageants, festivities. V. iv. p. 121.
Turn not: prove true. II. ii. p. 44.
Unadvised: inadvertently. IV. iv. p. 106.
Ungartered: a proverbial sign of being in love (*cf. Hamlet II.*, i. p. 76). II. i. p. 39.
Up and down: exactly. II. iii. p. 46.
Very: dearest, truest. III. ii. p. 85.
Want: lack. III. i. p. 73.
Weeds: garments. II. vii. p. 64.
Wheels: "set the world on ——," be independent of the world. III. i. p. 80.
Where: whereas. III. i. p. 69.
Wink: shut my eyes. I. ii. p. 31; V. ii. p. 111.
Without: outside (used quibblingly). II. i. p. 38.
Wood: mad. II. iii. p. 46.
Would: "none else ——," *i.e.*, perceive them. II. i. p. 38.

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